

Animal Apartment

I am the manager of a small apartment complex in the downtown area of irrelevant city. I have seen a lot of messed up stuff over the last three years, like one of those "cat ladies" you only hear about in folk lore. She died and they had to have animal control take away like 30 cats. I swear to god I had no idea she had that many, I thought she had like maybe two or three. Anyway, last summer I had another tenant who was even more fucked in the head. I can only tell you my half of this story, which I assure you is fucked up enough as it is.

So I get a call while I'm at a bar late Friday night from one of my tenants. Apparently they were alarmed at a "decaying odor" emanating from the unit next to theirs. I knew the guy living in it, he was really old so my first thought is the guy had died or something and the smell was his body (morbid, I know...). I was too drunk to drive so I had a friend give me a ride back to my place.

I asked my friend if he wanted to come with me to check on the guy and he basically told me to fuck off and that he didn't want to see a dead body. I thought "Who doesn't want to see a dead body?" ... I guess he wasn't as drunk as I was. I told him to wait in the car for a few minutes, which he agreed to. Looking back on it, I really should have made him come with me. So I go up to the guys door and knock a few times, yell "Mr. Sherman are you okay? I'm coming in to check on you" (That's not his real name obviously). Of course, I get no response so I unlock his door and head on in.

The smell hit my sinuses like a brick in the face. I've gutted Moose before so I know a bad smell when I smell it. This was... well it was about the same smell really. That is to say, it smelled more than enough for me to believe there was a dead body somewhere in there. Still, I had to make sure before I called the police. I didn't want to call them in on a week old pot roast, or because the refrigerator was left open or something.

So I went about exploring the apartment. I knew the layout already (most of the units are the same), so I began to search the apartment room by room whilst holding my t-shirt over my face to keep myself from gagging.

The living room (the first room you see when you enter) was surprisingly neat and clean. There were a bunch of books on the coffee table lined up in a neat stack, and the telephone was on the cabinet by the wall where it should be. Then I looked at the corner and reflexively let out a "SHIT!" and backed up.

There was a dog staring at me. It looked like a little black terrier, the "Scotty" kind. It wasn't growling or anything so I thought he was just scared, then started laughing at myself for being afraid of it. It still wasn't moving. I was a little creeped out by how much time had passed and it still wasn't moving. I thought "Naw, couldn't be...", but sure enough, it was stuffed. The dude had a stuffed Scottish terrier in his living room. Weird. I was still in a good mood at this point, had to chuckle to myself over getting afraid of a stuffed dog. I turned to my left and walked into the kitchen/kitchenette.

The kitchen was a little bit messy; I could tell someone actually used this part of the apartment. There were just a couple knives in the sink, and the counter had some crumbs on it and stuff. I opened the refrigerator up, hoping to god that was where the smell was coming from.

Nope, the refrigerator was completely empty. It looked like the guy hardly even used the apartment; there were almost no personal belongings in the living room or kitchen except for a couple plates (that came with the place), and the weird ass stuffed dog in the living room. So I went back into the living room and HOLY SHIT THE DOG HAD MOVED.

Actually, it didn't... there was a second dog behind the couch that I hadn't noticed the first time. Still, it almost gave me a heart attack. This weirdo guy had two stuffed dogs in his living room both watching in different directions. The second dog was not a

terrier by the way, it was a little shitzu or some long haired little foofoo dog I don't know what they're all called. Needless to say, I was WTF-ing pretty hard at this point and my heart was beating so fast I could hear it in my ears.

Anyway, I worked myself up a bit and went down the hallway and checked a closet. Nope, empty. The smell was definitely getting stronger now. Next up was the first bedroom. The smell wasn't so strong in there so I didn't think I was going to find anything. (I should probably point out by now that I had turned on all the lights in the place. I wasn't retarded going around with a flashlight or something.

The neighborhood is not so good around here so I'm always on guard for people jumping out and attacking me at night). So I flick on the light in the bedroom, and it's pretty fucked up. The mattress had been taken off of the bed, and the sheets were all torn up. There were a shit load of holes and scratches in the wall, which were at chest level so they were most likely from punching and/or scraping with a knife or something. Most disturbingly, there was a shit load of red stains on the carpet. They looked a lot like wine stains, (remember, I was drunk) so blood was not the first thing to pop in my mind (It actually was blood. I was an idiot).

All I remember thinking at this point is "Forget about the deposit, this guy is going to get charged out the ass". The whole experience of being in this apartment was starting to get at me though. Every room I went into I was half expecting to find a dead body so I just wanted to find the source of that smell then get the fuck out of there. So I went into the bathroom and there was a fur carpet in there. Except it wasn't a carpet, it was like 20 different little furs all laid out on the floor. They were mostly brown and black, but there were a couple white ones. I couldn't tell if they smelled bad, but they were definitely not the main source.

I went down the hall to the second bedroom, timidly muttering stuff like "Mr. Sherman, are you in here?". I started out in a good mood, but after getting startled that hard twice in a row my adrenaline was going. Shit felt like a horror movie. Anyway, I went

into the bedroom and sure enough, there was a dead body. He was lying face down on his bed with his knees on the floor and his pants off, ass bare and pointed straight at the doorway (at me). Anyway, I got the fuck out at that point and told my friend in the car what I saw. Of course, he didn't believe me until the police I called showed up.

I never got to see the worst part, one of the cops told me about it. Apparently this dude was a veterinarian and had been taking home all the dead bodies of animals he'd put down. He had made a fetish of skinning them all and just throwing the skinned bodies into the tub in the second bathroom. I guess the first bathroom was too good for that so that's where he kept the furs. The worst of the worst part is that the guy died from a heart attack while jerking it with the intestines of one of the animals. Apparently he had made a fetish of using their guts as jerk off sleeves and just let them pile up in the bath tub after he was done with them. In the end, the deposit (\$500) didn't begin to cover the damage to the apartment, let alone the emotional damage he did to the apartment manager (me).

Yup, I hate my job.